

VOICE OF THE RESIDENTS

VOL. XXVII, No. 3

BROADMEAD, COCKEYSVILLE, MD.

November 2005

HARRY BUTCHER AND THE NELLIE L. BYRD

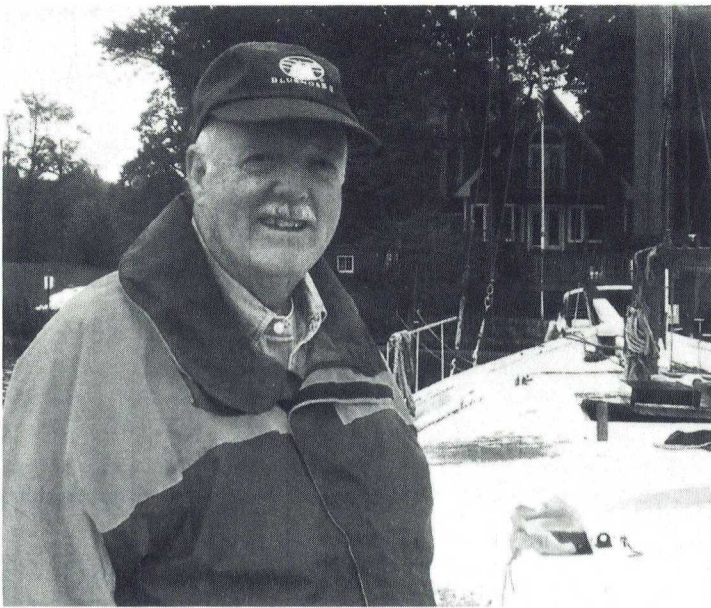
Text and photos by Dick Hutzler

Although the Butchers are not native Baltimoreans, they certainly qualify as long-time residents, as Harry retired not too long ago from a 30-some year career of teaching biological courses at Loyola College. For avocation Harry has been a long-time sailor, having started at that when he was

It turned out that the boat is the *Nellie L. Byrd*, one of the few such boats left from the vast hard-working fleet of oyster boats that used to populate the Chesapeake Bay. It had been idle for about three years and had just been acquired by Chesapeake Bay Memories Charities, an eastern Baltimore County all-volunteer organization that involves thousands of kids in environmental education, crafts and bay lore.

Harry was hooked. He joined the organization and now regularly works on "Nellie" - who is indeed sorely in need of much work. She was built in 1911 out of wood (of course) and now much of that 100-year-old wood has rotted and is now in serious need of replacement, along with peeling paint and who knows what-all. Harry's particular planned project is to replace the Johnny-come-lately metal sail hoops that are now on the boat with more authentic wooden ones; this will mean considerable time in our woodshop.

Harry points out that Chesapeake Bay Memories also owns a large power cruiser that is available for charter. Bay cruise, anyone?



a Tufts College student in Boston, sailing dinghies on the Charles River and continuing through relatively recent years when he and his wife Betsy had their own boat here on the bay.

One day in recent months the Butchers (Much has been made, since they arrived at Broadmead, over the "Butchers" moving into the "Slaughter" house.) were driving around, looking at old sailing territory from the land side when they spotted a skipjack tied up at a pier on Dark Head Creek - in plain view of the old Glen L. Martin plant (now Lockheed-Martin, of course) - and Harry stopped and made inquiries about it.



VOICE of the RESIDENTS

Volume XXVII, No. 3

November 2005

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To: Residents

From: Barbara Carroll, M.D.

Flu season is almost here, so it's time to get your annual flu vaccine. This will not only decrease your likelihood of getting a severe case of the flu, but also helps prevent widespread outbreaks. The elderly and persons with heart or lung problems, diabetes or a compromised immune system are at highest risk of having serious complications from the flu. Infection is characterized by fever, non-productive cough, headaches, muscle aches, and malaise. The most common complication is a secondary bacterial pneumonia.

The influenza (flu) virus is spread from person to person by coughing, sneezing or direct person-to-person contact. An infected person is most contagious 24 hours prior to and after the onset of symptoms. The infection control measures we implemented last year will still be useful this year in preventing the spread of the flu virus. They include good hand washing (i.e. "squirt in, squirt out") before and after group activities, as well as staying home if you have any symptoms.

So, please get your flu shot. You may not only save your life, but someone else's as well. OPD staff will be giving the flu shot in the auditorium on **Wednesday, November 16th and Friday, November 18th from 9 a.m. to 12 noon on both days.**

See you then!

ENERGY SAVING

The Department of Energy in D.C. has suggested ways the public can help save energy. This is a notice to residents that one of the suggestions by Sec. Bodman is to use fluorescent light bulbs rather than incandescent.

THE COUNTRY STORE HAS THEM!

Hear Ye, Hear Ye

By Lucille Brandt

I bought two hearing aids today.
And this is what I'd like to say:
They're not much fun for work
or play.
I'm not sure they're here to stay.

I place one gently in my ear.
Its hardness feels a little queer.
I hear strange sounds from far and near.
It might fall out, is what I fear.

I have been warned about the wax
That might accumulate in packs.
If in my cleaning I am lax,
Perhaps I'll have to use an axe.

But if my hearing should feel great,
Although perhaps a little late,
I won't be embarrassed to state,
I love these things I used to hate.

IN MEMORIAM

Walter M. Hale

January 1, 1926

September 14, 2005

Doris M. Sherman

March 9, 1917

October 7, 2005

Irwin R. Barr

May 16, 1920

October 10, 2005

Myra Cummings

December 23, 1912

October 17, 2005

MOTHER AND CHILD SCULPTURE

By Larry Schneider

This abstract sculpture is meant to represent the love of a mother for her child. We are all familiar with the nurturing and protective attributes of motherly love. Even more basic is the strong emotional bond that makes the child the primary focus of the mother's attention.

A simple double loop of ribbon is used to depict the complex mother-child relationship. The smaller loop, the child, is totally within the larger loop, the mother. Metaphorically the dependent child is the center of her existence. Physically, one might imagine a child seated on the mother's lap as in classical depictions of the Madonna and Child.



MOTHER AND CHILD

Reflections on the sculpture *Mother and Child* by Larry Schneider

By Sibylle Ehrlich

To give the fleeting moment permanence,
 To explain the inexplicable,
 To assign to feelings form and shape
 Is the artist's task and goal.

As once the Mother's womb sheltered the child,
 Her love now envelops it.

And just as all Madonnas in the world
 Depict the one,
 The sculptor carves and curves the pliant wood
 Into eternal Mother's love.

WALKING THE PLANK

By Sally Bloomer

A week ago the ailing left-paw with the ulcerated pad was cleaned, a scraping was taken for analysis and a bandage was tightly wrapped by Renee, the skilled and gentle vet. Antibiotics were prescribed. The scraping indicated that the correct antibiotic was given. Max did not touch the bandage for five days. On the sixth day he could stand it no longer. In the middle of the night, there he was chewing away with the bandage in shreds and the wound again exposed. So he could lick his wound, which had persisted in varying degrees for two years. It would never heal if it wasn't kept dry. That was difficult without a wide collar, which we both rejected. He still enjoyed his two meals a day, a big bone for dessert, and a Baltimore baked biscuit before bed. The rest of the time --licking and sleeping and short walks outside.

Another visit to Renee (never mind a title for her, although the Cornell University picture on the office wall indicated she merited one). I woke him up and he struggled to his *feet*, slipping as he straightened up, holding his left paw high in the air like a cat on the prowl. He knew he must because I had strengthened my command of "Come, Max" by attaching the leash. Hobbling on three legs out the back door he made it to the flower-bed for the customary pause that refreshes. Then he turned, thinking he could go back in the house. It was not to be. Down the hill he slowly walked to the car. With some help he jumped in the back seat for a ride, something he always enjoys. When we arrived at the vet's parking lot, he gamely jumped out of the car and with another tug on the leash he headed to the sidewalk and the long walk to the last door of the Mars building. The sidewalk soon ended and we walked on the boarded temporary walk made necessary because of construction.

As he walked the plank a concerned lady coming out of Mars thought maybe he should have a bandage on that *foot*. He attracted the attention of a group of girls sitting on the curb waiting to go in to their cosmetology class. "Isn't he cute! What is wrong with him? Why don't you pick him up? The poor thing!" Max stopped at every door to have a look in. Finally there was the last door. As he lay on the floor in the office Renee cut off the remaining bandage and, down on her hands and

knees, she examined the ulcerated paw. The antibiotic wasn't working. The paw was worse--swollen, red and oozing. With an animal, you can't consult the patient. So it wasn't assisted suicide, it was assisted homicide. A little hair clipping, a needle, a towel, some Kleenex and Renee-- all that were needed. With his head in my lap, he turned his head and relaxed. After a brief pause--"So long, Max".

No more black ball of fur under the bench; no more being lost in the woods after giving chase to a rabbit. No dog at my feet before dinner waiting for a cracker. No more long waits as he sniffs along the walk. No more chewing off the siding on the shed to find the chipmunk that scampered in. No more soft black ball curled up in his bed, head tucked under his paw to keep warm. No Max stretched out on the cold floor between toilet and sink to keep cool. Max has had his last walk on the plank. Most of all no more licking a sore paw!

HOUSE GUESTS

By Carolyn Underwood

The most ubiquitous are ants.
Not ants in the pants.
Spray with boric acid, they're gone.
But in a few days they're back, doggone.

And then there are the tiny moths.
They are not sloths.
They invade cupboard and closet.
Where they quickly beget.
Cedar spray flushes them out,
but it's not a permanent rout.

When I smash them, the gilt on their wings
comes off on my fingers -
and my conscience stings.
But the sting doesn't linger
Because they eat my things.

The mosquitoes make banquet of me.
Swy Flotter keeps them away,
But they soon return with glee
to feast on the free buffet.

A cricket? Get him out!
But then he starts to sing.
He stays, without a doubt.
He makes the rafters ring.

The frog, the front door guard
is out there every night.
He protects me and my yard.
If I stooped to kiss, he might ?

SHARING CONTROL: THE BUSINESS/GOVERNMENT RELATIONSHIP

Reported by Gretel Weiss

Dr. Robert M. Sparks, an economist and a Broadmead resident, spoke to the Open Forum on October 6, 2005 about his new book entitled **SHARING CONTROL: THE BUSINESS/GOVERNMENT RELATIONSHIP**.

Dr. Sparks explained what led him to write the book. In 1999 he was appointed legislative representative of the National Continuing Care Association. He wrote position papers on various bills and was particularly impressed with one, the Patients' Bill of Rights. It was passed by the Senate and the House and went into conference, but that is where it remained. The result was gridlock, based on differences among parties. He did not want to write a book exclusively about gridlock, which is negative and controversial. Corporations take what they call "freedom" very seriously, and fighting for that concept results in gridlock. He wanted the book to be positive, and thus he called it **SHARING CONTROL: THE BUSINESS/GOVERNMENT RELATIONSHIP**.

Dr. Sparks' main question is, how can you avoid gridlock and still serve the democratic needs of economic development? He outlined the sources of his material. Aside from sources by other economists, ninety-nine percent is from his own experience since most of his work consisted of contacts with corporations. Gridlock is due to a balance of control on two different sides, usually producers vs. consumers. The only way to resolve this is through a coordinator, who must be established by government.

The goal of Dr. Sparks' book is to facilitate economic growth through corporate partnership principles. There are three basic economic behavior types that must be balanced to achieve this goal: cooperation, competition, and coordination. Using and blending these types of business behavior results in twenty different types of business corporations such as for-profit organizations, authorities, joint ventures, and seventeen other types which make up the mixed economy. One of Dr. Sparks' main themes is the role of government. Corporations err when they say government is a rival that

curtails the "freedom" they need. Dr. Sparks wants to develop support for the view that Congress should establish standards to justify, on a case-by-case basis, necessary intervention by government in what business considers a private function. Yet, there are still no standards Congress uses to say, this is where Congress should intervene.

Dr. Sparks outlined many more details, too lengthy to discuss here.

There were a number of questions following his talk. Dr. Sparks gave his fellow Broadmeaders much to think about.

OPEN FORUM

By Sonia Blumenthal

7:00 pm in the Auditorium

Friday, November 4th

**"NUCLEAR POWER AND
THE CHESAPEAKE BAY"**

Robert W. Davies P.E.

Mechanical/Nuclear Engineer

Broadmead Resident

Thursday, November 17th

**"AMERICAN MUSLIMS:
THEIR EXPERIENCES AND
CONTRIBUTIONS TO ISLAM"**

Iman Johari Abdul-Malik,

Head of the National Association of
Muslim Chaplains in Higher Education,
Director of Government Relations for the
Muslim Society of North America

Broadmead Is My House On The Range

By Virginia Cooley

I used to think "out West" was where
The deer and the antelope play
But lately I have been aware
That "West" has moved this way
Whether 'tis three p.m. or one a.m.
They frolic in my yard
And nibble and chew, as all deer do
They leave their "Calling Card"!
Pardner, I've really had it!

Cadi

By Sibylle Ehrlich

I picked her up from a sort of half-way house for juveniles. She had been transferred there from the inner city. While I completed the formalities and filled out forms she was already cozying up to my daughter Corinne. With barely a good-bye look to her boyfriend and baby whom she left behind, she jumped into the car, eager to leave her dubious past.

In the car I had the chance to inspect her more closely. Hair seemed to be naturally curly, but she must have tried lightening it herself. I could see the uneven streaks and dark roots. She cuddled up to me and looked at me trustingly with soft brown eyes. I guess I was already hooked then. I could even forgive her for being a bit too chummy with Corinne's black lab, when we stopped at their house.

Now I was eager to get my newly rescued friend home, introduce her to Broadmead, my apartment and "culturize" her. Oh, where to begin? That my oriental rug in the living room is not a bathroom? That my shoes are not to be chewed? That it is not acceptable to jump on a chair and then the table to share my dinner? That pulling all the tissues out of the box is not my idea of fun. After each severe reprimand and banishment to the bathroom, Cadi looks so crestfallen, that my ire melts and I pick her up, put her on my lap or bed, for a cuddle session. After all, it's not her fault that she probably was an "obedience class" drop out, if she ever did attend. It's not her fault that she is not like my dear departed friend, always correct in his dark suit; gentle, polite, sensitive. I should not compare them at all.

Cadi brings life, mischief, and the unexpected into my life. I have to be innovative, because the authors of my six books on training dogs seem not to have met Cadi. These experts who proclaim that dogs just love to be in a kennel, a crate, their den, don't know Cadi. Oh yes, she'll sleep in her crate, after having been bribed with a piece of hot dog, but only if she sees me in my bed. And I am sure that she dreams of the sweet reward that is to come: early in the morning, about 5:30 or 6:00 am, when I open my eyes, she sits at the crate's door, waits patiently for me to open it, and jumps happily into my bed, into my open arms, crawls under the covers and we both sleep for another hour

Oh, that makes it all worth it!

WHEN YOU GET ON AND YOU'VE LIVED A LOT

Contributed by Jonas Rappeport

When you get on and you've lived a lot,
And the blood in your veins isn't quite so hot,
And your eyes are dimmer than what they were,
And the page of the book has a misty blur,
Strange as the case may seem to be,
Then is the time you'll clearly see.

You'll see yourself as you really are
When you've lived a lot and you've traveled far;
When your strength gives out and your
muscles tire

You'll see the folly of mad desire!
You'll see what then to your sight was hid-
The countless trivial things you did.

For often the blindest are youthful eyes;
Age must come ere man grows wise.
Youth makes much of the mountain peaks,
The strife for fame and the goal he seeks,
But age sits down with the setting sun
And enjoys the useful deeds he's done.

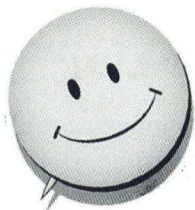
You'll sigh for the friends that were cast aside
With a hasty word or a show of pride;
You'll laugh at medals that once you prized
Because you'll see them through different eyes;
You'll understand how little they really meant
For which so much of your strength was spent.

You'll see as always an old man sees
That the waves die down with the fading breeze,
And the poms of life never last for long,
The great sink back to the common throng;
But you'll understand when the struggle ends
That the finest gifts in life are FRIENDS.

Anonymous

QUANTITY CAN BE COUNTED, BUT QUALITY IS WHAT COUNTS

Nancy Rowe



BROADMEAD WELCOMES

By Betsy Griffin

Boone, Sally (Boldmann) (Mrs Bertram)

M-6...

410-771-0722

August 2005

Sally was born in White Plains, NY but came to Baltimore County at the age of 7. She attended Towson High School and Towson University where she majored in Elementary Education. She taught in Baltimore County schools for 22 years with the exception of 5 years in California where her late husband, an engineer in aero-space, was stationed. She has one son and two grandchildren living nearby. She has been an active volunteer at the Symphony Show House and Kids Concerts, at the St. Joseph's Hospital Gift shop for 15 years, and the Baltimore Museum of Art. Her other interests include skiing, playing bridge, and the Heatherfield Garden Club.

Warner, Douglas & Nancy (Atkinson)

M-7

410-771-0808

September 2005

Nancy was born in Kentucky, is a graduate of Hollins College and was a social worker before her marriage. Doug is a Baltimorean who attended the Gilman School and the Pomfret School in Connecticut from which he was sent to M.I.T. and Brown University for engineering training during WWII. After serving in the Navy's V-12 program he returned to M.I.T. for 2 years and then earned an advanced degree at Brown and a PhD. at Johns Hopkins in physics. He was employed in the research department at Hopkins until he was 45 years old at which time his interest in lasers opened a new career for him as a college professor at Essex College. The Warners have 3 children: a daughter, a psychiatric social worker in Baltimore, another daughter in Toronto, and a son in Kentucky. They have 4 grandchildren. Nancy has been a volunteer at the Walters Art Museum, the Union Memorial Hospital, and the Maryland Historical Society. They spend their summers in Canada, 150 miles north of Toronto where they sail, canoe, and fly-fish. They also enjoy bridge. A point of interest about Doug Warner: he is the grandson of Dr. Howard A. Kelly, one of the distinguished founders of the Johns Hopkins Hospi-

NEWLY ARRIVED RESIDENTS

Tylor & Laura Burton Q-12 410-771-0533

MOVING AROUND BROADMEAD

	<u>From</u>	<u>To</u>
Margaret Korsak	TH-310	HH-259

The To Do List

By Ruth S. Williams

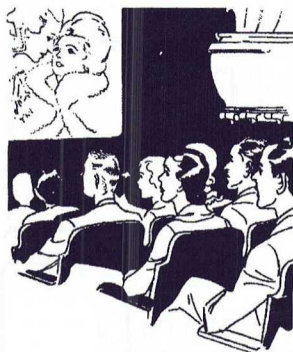
I have a To Do List.
I bet you have one too.
I keep mine on my wrist
Stuck with a dab of glue.

Housekeeping meeting Monday
We talked about the sheets.
Food Committee Tuesday
Nobody liked the beets.

OPD on Wednesday
Skip the chocolate cake.
Fireside Chat on Thursday
I couldn't keep awake.

Call Maintenance on Friday
To exterminate the ants.
Swimming pool Saturday
Forgot my underpants.

Thought the whole day Sunday
'Bout what I want to do.
Burned that darn list Monday
Booked trip to Timbuktu.



BROADMEAD MOVIES

Tuesday Movies by
Priscilla Stieff &

Bob Herrmann

Saturday Movies by
Jeanne Stephenson
& Betsy Douglas

November 1 **ROOSTER COGBURN**
1975 100 minutes NR

Bible thumping schoolmarm joins up with a hard drinking, hard fighting marshal to find the outlaws who killed her father.

Katharine Hepburn, John Wayne

November 12 **BUTCH CASSIDY
AND THE SUNDANCE KID**
1969 110 minutes PG

Adventures of two outlaws as they rob banks along the Mexican border and flee to South America while being pursued by a U.S. Marshal and his posse.

Paul Newman, Robert Redford, Katharine Ross

November 15 **THE MIRACLE WORKER**
1962 105 minutes NR

Story of the relationship between deaf and blind Helen Keller and her teacher Annie Sullivan, who used unconventional methods to help her pupil adjust to the world around her.

Anne Bancroft, Patty Duke

November 22 **GIDEON'S TRUMPET**
1980 105 minutes NR

Story of Clarence Gideon, a convict whose case was decided by the Supreme Court and set a precedent that every one is entitled to a defense by a lawyer whether or not they can pay for it.

Henry Fonda, John Houseman

November 26 **RANDOM HARVEST**
1942 126 minutes NR

An amnesiac World War II veteran marries a show girl and forgets all about her when he remembers his true identity. Based on a novel by James Hilton.

Greer Garson, Ronald Colman, Susan Peters

November 29 **IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY**
2003 109 minutes PG 13

Light-hearted comedy about indestructible bonds of family, as the Groombergs drift apart with modern day dilemmas. The father's mission is to pull the family back together.

Kirk Douglas, Michael Douglas

SATURDAY PROGRAMS

In the Auditorium at 7:00 pm

By Margaret Proctor

November 5th

**"LIVING AMONG THE PENGUINS
IN ANTARCTICA"**

And he will show the pictures to prove it

Tom Ballard

Research Scientist, Hallett Station, Antarctica

November 19th

**"BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS
AND THE YOUNG AT HEART"**

Sally Burbank

Discussing and exhibiting old and new

SPYGLASS LOW VISION SUPPORT GROUP

By Teresa Gramling

**"FREE HOME SAFETY
EVALUATIONS"**

Ruth Sager

**Blind Industries and Services
of Maryland**

**Tuesday, November 22nd
11 am in the Auditorium**

SQUARE DANCE

By Harry Butcher



In the Lounge
Friday, November 18th
7 to 9 pm

Caller:
GENE FITTA

Come to dance, watch, or listen

MUSIC EVENTS

By Phil Schnering

Thursday, November 3rd at 7:00 pm

LET'S SING

With Herb Merrick at the piano

*

Sunday, November 6th at 2:00 pm

JESSICA RENFRO

Soprano singing Broadway and Opera
Masters from the Peabody

*

Sunday, November 27th at 2:00 pm

STRING QUARTET OR TRIO

Musicians from Baltimore Symphony,
Baltimore School of Arts Faculty

They will put together a wonderful program

LET'S DANCE

By Walter Lane



With the
George Hipp Trio

Everyone welcome to dance
or just to enjoy the music.

Monday
November 14th at 7:00 pm
In the Lounge

OPERA VIDEO

By Harry Blumenthal

Friday November 25th 7 pm, in the
auditorium

"Madame Butterfly"

By Giacomo Puccini

Opera in two acts

Teatro Alla Scala, Milano

Yasuko Hayashi and Peter Dvorski

A highly acclaimed production from one of
Europe's greatest opera houses

WEDNESDAY

WORSHIP

AT BROADMEAD

1st Wednesday every month at 10:30 am

EPISCOPAL COMMUNION

Taylor East Lounge – 3rd floor

Sponsored by Sherwood Episcopal
Church - York Road, Cockeysville

*

2nd Wednesday Every Month at 10:00 am

CATHOLIC MASS

Taylor East Lounge – 3rd Floor

Sponsored by the Catholic Community of
St. Francis Xavier, Cuba Road, Hunt Valley

*

3rd Wednesday Every Month at 10:30 am

PRESBYTERIAN COMMUNION

Stony Run Activities Room – 3rd Floor

Sponsored by Ashland Presbyterian Church,
Ashland Avenue, Cockeysville

VESPERS

By Pat Underwood

Sunday in the Lounge

November 20th, 4:30 – 5:00 pm

The Reverend James Ransom

Trinity Episcopal Church, Towson

RECRUITING VOLUNTEERS FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF CENTRAL FLORIDA RESEARCH PROJECT

Professor Edward H. Robinson III, (son of Ed and Eleanor Robinson) of the University of Central Florida, College of Education, Department of Child, Family and Community Sciences, has received Broadmead's permission to ask for volunteers to conduct the research study: AN INVESTIGATION INTO THE DEVELOPMENT OF ALTRUISM. He, and his team of doctoral students will describe the project on Wednesday, November 16th, 2005, at 7:00 pm in the Auditorium. The interviewing of the volunteers will take place on November 17th and 18th, 2005. All are welcome.



WE'VE GOT
EVERYTHING
YOU NEED!!!!

THE BROADMEAD
COUNTRY STORE

AND
MORE!!!!



THE OUTCOME OF MR. MACLEOD'S GRATITUDE

From verses by Ogden Nash

When Thanksgiving came twice,
who walked so proud
As that grateful optimist, Mr. MacLeod?
Things you and I would deeply deplore
MacLeod found ways to be grateful for,
And this was his conscientious attitude:
Double Thanksgiving, double gratitude.
Whatever happened, no matter how hateful,
MacLeod found excuses for being grateful.
To be grateful, he really strained his wits.
Had he hiccups?
He was grateful it wasn't fits.
Had he hives?
He was grateful it wasn't measles.
Had he mice?
He was grateful it wasn't weasels.
Had he roaches?
He was glad it wasn't tarantulas.
Did his wife go to San Francisco?
He was glad it wasn't Los Angeles.
Mrs. MacLeod, on the other hand,
Was always complaining to beat the band.
If she had the mumps she found it no tonic
To be told to be grateful it wasn't bubonic.
If the cook walked out she would
scream like a mink
Instead of being grateful she still had a sink.
So she tired of her husband's cheery note
And she stuffed a tea tray down his throat.
He remarked from the floor
where they found him reclining,
"I'm just a MacLeod with a silver lining

ADVENTURES IN LEARNING

Maryland's Thoroughbred Horse Industry

By Nancy Boyce

November 2nd

"Steeplechase and Timber Races"

CHARLES FENWICK,

well known horseman,
will describe thrills and spills.

ALL LECTURES ARE IN THE
AUDITORIUM AT 10:30 am

HITHER THITHER, AND YAWN

With Foxy Georgia

After a restful summer, we are hitting the activities at full throttle. The big opener was The Fashion Show. You saw the pix in last month's Voice, but here are some choice bits. Jolly Joker, Jeanette Royston, heralded a change in format, keeping the ball rolling with jokes from her endless supply, while the well-dressed models worked the room. Voted the most tagged model, Jonas Rapoport had price tags, hanging from a million places, except the best item was Jonas himself, who was not tagged. Bob Sparks looked so handsome in plaid trousers and navy blazer. . . you really clean up good pal.. Andy Covel was a knockout in a "Masters Green jacket", hope he bought that, but hear Bob Herrmann beat him to it; oh well, it will look good on him also..

Then we had the Happiness Trio, Julie Sega, Bob Davies and John Michener, armed with snowballs, all ready for the big chill, with fur coats, hats etc. John was so enveloped in his gear, he was truly an undercover gent. Betty Moore. was smashing in a 2-piece rose tweed, and also devastating in tweed, and so chic, dahlings, Janet Greenwald and the our own chicky Linda, ravishing in purple. My namesake~ Georgia Erlich blooming in mauve tweed.. how tweed it is! But the major excitement, was the introduction of the mystery guest, who hugged and kissed every one in the MDR, and all points north, south and west not to mention east, our Red Neck Lady, Nancy Mignini. Oh, hon, was it ever good to see her.!

Roaming thru the clusters, it's fun to look at the window boxes. .Most everyone does something really different in theirs. Ruth Williams has a great collection of porcelain tigers and lions, much tamer, but equally lovely. The collection of amber glass in the Butcher's window and of course, Teddy Roosevelt holds forth in Polly's window. We spied baskets in Betsy Griffith's and pitchers at the Schnerings. Take a stroll and look for yourself. . . fun and good exercise.

Hey, our very own rock star, Nancy Boyce, feeling no pane (pardon the pun) you auto ask her (again pardon the pun). most likely agrees with Robert Frost, that good fences make good neighbors.

Gasp! Coff! Coff! The smoking room at LL really needs a better vent. It's pretty strong stuff for the rest of us!!

People are stirring themselves and taking trips. Sam Legg off to Japan, the Allchins to Seattle to visit their daughter, Ruth Williams checked into the Alamo while she was in San Antonio, Theo

Easter headed. to Charlottesville and a hardy trio went to breakfast on the opening day at Wegmans. We hear it was Mary Jo Campbell, Betty Pause and Pri Stieff. Correct me if my ears failed me..

Now, a rave production by the Play Reading Group, The Norman Conquests (not the one you trudged through in history class, but a sparkling event produced by Nancy Starnes and her wonderful cast). We enjoyed it enormously, but tell me what was Tom (a.k.a. Bill Duff) doing under the table, looking for the next cue??

What's going on with the bridge group. Hear there's a move afoot to change the night. The movies are so good, they are keen competition.. What about it, Marcia?

The Audio guys, Bob Davies, Leo Weiss, and John Michner while consulting with John's son on the cell-phone, and Lorne Guild standing by, . gave us a special performance working on the Power Point program while Peter 'Dans the speaker, ignored them all and continued on with his talk. Margaret Proctor urged the gang to write down the directions, and she says she plans to write a book entitled Power Point for Dummies...

Welcome home Fran and Pete Peterson, Midge and Travers Nelson and John and Suie McShane. It's a long summer without you guys... and pretty soon we'll be saying bye-bye to the snow bird, Sally Rich ..Oh dear!!

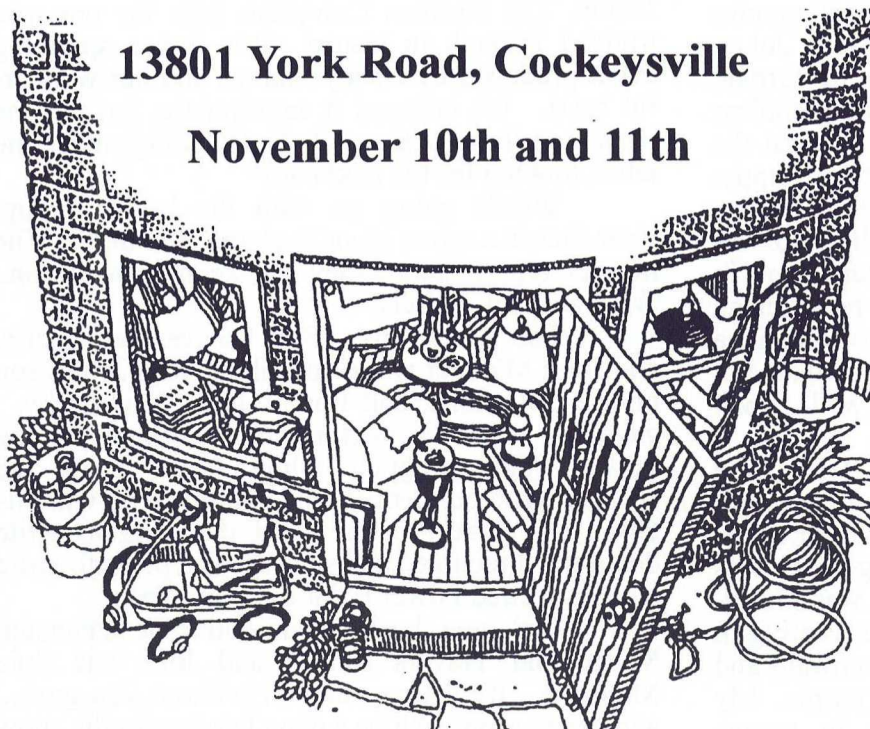
The busses are busy with the theatrical crowd, Center Stage, Everyman, and the Symphony and other musical events. How does Louise Hager keep them all straight? She and her merry band of checkers have not lost anyone yet but of course the season is young. They all wish you would notify someone if you are not riding or if you have given your ticket to someone who will take your place on the bus. Help! Help! Help! Dear ones..'

Adventures in Learning put on a 3 time series of talks on Racing in Maryland and Nancy Boyce, planned all this, and has thrown in a visit to the MD Stallion Center. Also we need a good lesson on how to bet, win, place and show and what is an exacta, and trifecta and how do you box a bet. . You gotta know something more that betting on the colors of the silks.

Peggy Taliaferro and the vegetable girls and boys are hard at work on the planting and conserving here, not an easy job. This crowd is determined. I wish they would plant something that deer REALLY hate.

Speaking of growing things did you see Bunny Knipps' zinnias? Believe me, they were well over 9 ft tall. Then the rains came, wow. Ending on this sad note or did you give up 6 paragraphs ago. You've had nuff...me too. See ya..

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8:30 am to 3:30 pm
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Friday, November 11

9:00 am to 12:30 pm
OPEN TO ALL COMERS

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WOMEN'S CLOTHES,
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(In the Auditorium & Lounge)

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